Ambiguous

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Ambiguous

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Summary

Satsuki learns another lesson in the course of Ryuuko's kinky training.

Also: I shouldn't write when horny.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ambiguous

'Suge memet!'

'Yeah blow me!'

Catullus (likely more than once)

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I

Taking care

Satsuki laid on the bed, a book open between her hands, the light dim to not wear her eyes out, when she heard three knocks on the door.

“Enter,” she allowed, though it was the fourth time already, today.

The door opened without a sound, and Ryuuko walked in, on her tip toes, as she tried to make as little noise as possible. This wasn't necessary, given they were alone, but Satsuki appreciated it. A little restrain went a long way.

Ryuuko crouched before the bed, and Satsuki took a long moment to drink in her form; an easy feat, given how the only thing that still covered her toned flesh were the white stockings

she had been wearing since that morning; she was delighted to see a twinkle between her legs, where the light played games with her delicious dew. Her breasts heaved, and Satsuki wondered whether she truly remembered how they tasted.... or she needed a little reminder.

“Are you looking for something,” said Satsuki, not even closing the book down. Ryuuko nodded, hard, making her hair, damp with sweat move around. Satsuki enjoyed looking at her red strand as it dangled from her forehead.

“Don't tell me you want to play again, pet. It's not even been two hours...”

Ryuuko moaned, or whatever could come through her red gagball, and took three long breaths through her nose that sounded like a wheezing. She tilted her head, and brushed it against Satsuki's thighs. Her eyes were pinpricks, surrounded by the vast blue of desire.

Ryuuko nodded again, trying to elicit a response from Satsuki. She was succeeding: Satsuki's core was heating up, bit by bit, the more she saw her little sister asking for even more sex. The training was at a good point. Four weeks in, and already Ryuuko couldn't stand to be away from her sister's body for more than a few hours. The first days, when she was still Ryuuko and not yet pet, Satsuki would find her out more and more as she tried to sneak away for a little rub at her own pussy, or caressing her breasts. She watched Ryuuko turn from her casual indoor clothing to shirts and bloomers, and by then it was rare to even see her pussy covered. Always ready, always eager, her pet had learned her lessons well.

“So, tell me, pet, do you want me to play with you?”

Ryuuko nodded, nodded and nodded again; she wheezed through her nose and her fingers twitched. Her body was begging for a bit of attention, but pet was forbid from touching herself or rubbing herself against furniture (that second clause had been added a few days later). She was red all over, from her face to her ears to her neck. Satsuki fought the urge to just bite in. She had learned that to train pet, she had to train herself as well. Not difficult, of course.

“And what will you do, if I let you play with me?”

Ryuuko pointed her fingers at her gagball. Satsuki allowed herself a little smile before she took it away. It was wet and a little trickle of drool fell from Ryuuko's lips.

“Pet will lick you, oh my sweet older sister. Pet will lick your breasts and your glorious pussy. All over. All over. And all over again, as long as you wish, for your pleasure. Please let pet lick you, oh my sweet older sister. Please let your little horny pervert pet-sister lick you. Please.”

Satsuki smirked again. This sort of language was becoming more and more common. Ryuuko was getting used to it, and by the way she became even redder, Ryuuko liked it too.

“Very well, but it's the last time for today, pet. Then you'll have to bear it until tomorrow. And no cheating!”

Cheating involved Mankanshoku. Satsuki liked to play the jealous mistress.

“Thank you! Thank you! Pet will do her best! Pet will do her best!”

Satsuki pushed her legs to sit up on her bed, and she savoured the tingling in her core as Ryuuko looked at her: starting from her legs to her hips, to her stomach and breasts – on which she lingered – to her neck and eyes. There was desire in her eyes, but also something Satsuki had learned to recognize in her long years as school president. She was bathing in Satsuki's magnificence, and the fact that her little reunited sister showed once again the signs she was so utterly in love, so dumbstruck with her was enough to lit the burning embers between her thighs into a flame. Satsuki felt her pussy begin to clench like a wet fist, sending pleasant tremors to shake her throughout her body.

She nodded, and with a glazed expression, Ryuuko started her job. And she was getting very good at her job, very respectful. The very few first time she still tore her clothes up, as eager as she as to get to her breasts and suck, and bite, and make her older sister cum. Nowadays, she was just as eager to fulfill her demands, but she had learned to take better care of Satsuki's garments. Thus, the silk robe Satsuki was wearing was removed by two very gentle hands, that had learned to go slow, and savour every little inch of skin that sled under her fingers.

As her breasts saw the light once again, Ryuuko took a long breath in; her lips trembled, and then, bit by bit, she got closer to Satsuki's nipples, that she felt already grwoing stiff. Then she latched with her warm lips on the right one, the less sensible one, and she started to suck, to play with her tongue like a wet snake that passed all over the nub, sending shock after shock all over Satsuki's body. She let out a few moans (less than she could have) just to signal pet she was doing good; after a while, Ryuuko passed to her left nipple, and Satsuki was delighted to feel that, sure, her sensitivity was higher, but not that much by now. Just as pet, her own training was coming in.

Ryuuko started taking breaths, but she did so from her nose; she didn't stop nor stall her tongue's works. Little sucking rounds. A few tickles using her teeth, which sent shivers that danced under Satsuki's skin like little cold eels from her breasts all the way down to her fingertips. Tongue once again; using the upper surface, the lower surface. Changing stimuli, just like her older sister taught her. Such a good little sis. And the thought that it was her, it was her little sister who when they were outside was still so brash, so direct, that was licking he breasts like her life depended on it that was enough to rock Satsuki's boat all the way around. She felt something like a tide, rumbling, rumbling, as it grew closer and closer, drawing consciousness just like a tsunami does with seawater, still far away but always closer, and she knew that if she continued that line of thinking she would come with her sister's lips still attached to her breasts.

Satsuki took a long breath to calm down, than she caressed Ryuuko's head (how soft her hair) and pushed it down. She gave it just a little nudge, but it was enough. The training kicked in, and Ryuuko stopped licking; she looked up, still with her eyes so glazed over that Satsuki could see herself mirrored in them (how wonderful) even in the dim light of the room.

“Do my sweet older sister wants pet to lick her in her special place? Does she want her little pet-sister to show once again how debased she is by licking her pussy all over and making her cum?”

Satsuki just smiled. Ryuuko could likely know her answer by the strength of her scent, that had just now started to mix to Ryuuko's rougher one, in a mic that flared her nostrils and made her heart beat even faster, until she heard it as loud as if it were next to her ears.

Ryuuko put a trail of kisses from her breasts to her sternum, down to her underbelly, to her thighs, and she fooled around for a bit (this was half-training, half-initiative, and Satsuki always liked it), before she put her mouth in front of Satsuki's core; there was just a wisp of dark hair on top of it, like a small arrow, pointing down, and Ryuuko followed the path unerring. The first kiss was like the morning sun on flowers, but come the second and the

third and Satsuki was already panting, her breath kept inside her by Ryuuko's soft ministration. She grasped at the sheets, with her left, and at Ryuuko's hair, with her right. Gentler. Moving her where and when she wanted her little serpent of wet fire to be, as it painted brushes of golden light all over Satsuki's centre of the world.

The tide was back, and Satsuki let her go, and she came back to think that the person (the amazing person) licking her pussy was her little horny sister, the sister that she spent the last weeks turning into this debauched thing, eager to lick, and lick and lick. Hit by sudden inspiration, Satsuki took an end of the sheet and used it to cover Ryuuko's eyes. She tied it behind her head and she bathed in her pet's trembling thighs.

“Does it please you for your pet to be blind while I lick you? Even if pet is your dear little sister?”

Oh, she was getting *good*...

“Yes,” spit Satsuki between clenched teeth, and then she moved Ryuuko's head back to work. Oh, yes, she felt the tide coming back again. It was her little sister who was licking between her folds, trying to give a few gentle nudges with the tip of her tongue at the searing pearl on top of her pussy, drinking her juices and letting out little moans of pleasure as Ryuuko's herself came closer and closer to her trained release.

Maybe she could make this even better. With a bit of difficulty between one breath-taking lick and the next, she grabbed at the other end of the sheet, and tied Ryuuko's hands behind her back. She kept the sheet in her hand and gave it a little yank, and whispered to her ear:

“Does pet like to be held this way while she's licking her sweet older sister's pussy? How much does she like it?”

“I...”

Satsuki gave another yank. This was getting her even hotter than she thought.

“Well...?”

Ryuuko withdrew her lips; she looked up, and Satsuki saw that here eyes were filled with fear now, not desire. She let go of the sheet with her fingers even before her brain ordered them to do so, and she took Ryuuko's cheek in her other hand.

“What's going on?”

“I...” she stopped, took a breath, and pronounced just another word. “Purity.”

Satsuki took her into her arms, holding Ryuuko like she was made of fiberglass. Even though the treacherous haze of sex that still had to settle, she only focused on passing a hand through her hair (like father used to do, it calmed her a great deal).

“All right. All right. It's over now. We stopped. I'm with you, Ryuuko, dear. I'm with you and you are between my arms. It's all safe now.”

Ryuuko's arms snapped back like strings and hugged her so tight that Satsuki lost half a breath or two.

“Sorry,” Ryuuko said after a moment.

“It's nothing. What did I do wrong?”

She blinked. No tears, but her gaze focused back a little.

“I'm sorry. It's my fault. I should have told you.”

“You can tell me now. As soon as you are comfortable with it. In the meantime, just be here between my arms.”

She felt Ryuuko's nods, and she kept on rocking her back and forth for a while. Then she spoke again.

“I'm sorry. It reminded me of the stitching.”

Satsuki frowned, but her rage was aimed at herself.

“No, it's me who must apologize, Ryuuko, dearest, red thread of my life. I got careless and thought between my thighs and not between my ears. It won't happen again.”

Ryuuko relaxed a bit further between her arms.

“I know. I should have told you first thought.” She chuckled into her shoulder. “Guess I earned a scolding.”

Satsuki smirked.

“I'll think of something appropriate. But, please, now tell me once again that everything is all right, Ryuuko.”

She took a deep breath, and when her blue eyes met Satsuki's they were once again clear and strong.

“It's all right. It was just a moment, and it's passed now. I probably would have enjoyed it if I didn't cave in.”

“That's very mature coming out of your mouth, Matoi Ryuuko.”

“I must have drank a bit of your wisdom with all the juices I swallow.”

Satsuki laughed and hugged Ryuuko tight. She felt the fear being swept away, and from inside her crept back in the tangy feeling of arousal. Ryuuko's body was so close to her, so close, and so warm. And she needed release. But her little sister came first.

“If you are still in the mood, I'd wish to resume from where we interrupted our family fun. As long as you are feeling good.”

“You bet. Meaning you are going crazy the moment I stop licking you.”

“I have to admit your gift for *brevitas* is only matched by your gift for pleasure.”

“For what? *Brewing*?”

“I'll be glad to explain later. So should I construe your comeback as you willing to resume our a-ah!AH!”

Satsuki guessed well.

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II

Aftercare

Satsuki rolled on one side, her breath coming out in little broken pants. She passed her hand over her eyes and smiled at Ryuuko's face in front of her. Their hair were sticky with sweat and their hands were sticky with cum. She kissed her sister, once, twice, lip sliding against lip, a she savoured that delicious mix of the tastes of both their mouths, and she felt a pleasant high reach her head again.

Ryuuko licked her lips too, and she kept on smiling. She wiggled a bit their entwined fingers.

“Thank you. For stopping, and for everything else.”

“I should be the thankful one,” Satsuki replied, brushing her thighs together. “And I should be the one who should excuse, once again. I am truly sorry it happened and I-”

Ryuuko stopped her with a finger on her lips.

“You always talk so much, sis. I understand, you understand. That's enough for me.”

“For me too, then.”

Satsuki moved in closer, and breathed in Ryuuko's scent. Tangy, musky. The scent of sex and sweat, the scent of sheets in dire need of a washing, the scent of the one person she always wanted to wake up to. In the morning, in the evening, in the middle of the night.

“We're resuming you training tomorrow, I wish to inform you.”

“You getting used to my tongue on your clit, eh?”

“Not as much as I'd wish, and that's why it will continue. Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow you could step on me, sis.”

“Only if you promise to behave afterwards. Last time it sent you into a frenzy. I don't even *like* orange bedsheets, and this is your fault.”

“I promise.”

“Then I will gladly step on you.”

“Good,” whispered Ryuuko, and then she put her head on Satsuki's shoulder, and they stood like that, just fulfilled with each other's presence, with each other's breaths, with the knowledge that once again, no matter how many pitfalls and obstacles might come upon the path, they were willing to walk it together, no matter the difficulties.

Satsuki let out one long breath that was also a prayer. As much as her life had been, like Ryuuko would put it, 'fucked up', she was adjusting. She had everything she needed to adjust between her arms, and she recently had it between her thighs. She didn't know who she must thank for this, besides her friends, besides Mankanshoku (so much!) and poor Senketsu, and the guys at Nudist Beach, and Ryuuko herself (for ever). She thanked them all over again.

Then she took another long breath and she closed her eyes.

“Sis? You still up?"

"Yes?"

"What's *brewing*?”

End Notes

This started out as trying to vent some steam after watching a few naughty KLK fanarts, of course starring our heroines. It spiraled out of control pretty soon, but I am happy with the way it turned out. I also tried to show a few things that I find quite rarely in erotica, such as empathy towards the 'dominant' side, which is usually just a proxy for the user, and sensitivity training (try it, it's lotsa fun!). I should also point out that while I usually played Satsuki as the one who needs Ryuuko to more or less force herself upon her to get release, this time I switched their roles. Mostly for fun, but also because of the old Council President Satsuki Kiryuuin-Sama nostalgia value. I also had a lot of fun changing my usual Latin quote for something less academic, but that I'm sure Catullus will have cried out quite often. If you haven't yet, please go and fetch yourself a bit of Catullus's poetry. It's very good stuff, it will make you cry and laugh (a lot!). Oh, and of course 'brevitas' (pronounced 'bre-u-i-tas, which is why Ryuuko refers to it as 'brewing') is the art of putting a lot of significance in a brief space (Catullus was of course a master of the technique).

I don't know if there will be a lot of pieces like this one. I prefer my erotica to be slow-burn, and that's why I still haven't used it a lot. There's a multi-parter coming up, though, and... oooh, boy. Will you look at that. Author's note space is up. Guess you'll all have to wait.

See ya, and *please* leave a comment to let me know how you liked the piece! It's important feedback on writing erotica!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!